II. A. M'PIRE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1869.

NUMBER 10.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thick-

aned, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sedi-ment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING.

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

> LOWELL, MASS. PRICE \$1.00.

For sale by R. J. LLOYD, Agent, Ebensburg.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronehitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent men it has risen higher and higher in their estima-tion, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a re-liable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is milder forms of disease and to young charten, a is at the same time the most effectival remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dan-gerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a progerous anections of the throat and lungs. As a pro-vision against sudden attacks of Crone, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them. Although settled Consumption is thought in-curable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the Cherry Pec-toral they subside and disappear. Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. So generally are its virtues known that we need not publish the certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that its qualities are fully

Ayer's Ague Cure,

For Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, &c., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic

As its name implies, it does Oure, and does not fail. Containing neither Arsenic, Quinine, Bismuth, Zinc, nor any other mineral or poisonous substance whatever, it in nowise injures any patient. The number and importance of its cures in the ague districts, are literally beyond account, and we believe without a parallel in the history of Ague medicine. Our pride is gratified by the acknowledgments we receive of the radical cures effected in obstinate cases, and where other remedies had wholly failed.
Unacclimated persons, either resident in, or
travelling through miasmatic localities, will be protravelling through miasmatic localities, will be protected by taking the AGUE CURE daily.

For Liver Complaints, arising from torpidity of the Liver, it is an excellent remedy, stimulating the Liver into healthy activity.

For Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints, it is an excellent remedy, producing many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had falled.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

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Wholesale Agents for the West.

For sale by A. A. BARKER for Ebensburg

[je.11,'68.-1y. RETTER BARGAINS THAN EVER. D-The undersigned having disposed of his interest in the Ebensburg Foundry, and re-

wired from the business, offers for sale, to close out the remaining portion of his stock, FOUR THRESHING MACHINES and ONE TON OF METAL SLED SOLES. The Machines are well made, and will be sold for \$125 each, on six months' credit, er for \$112,50 cash.—

on six months' credit, er for \$112,50 cash.—

BERNARD MAGEE, Executor. ared from the business, offers for sale, to close

ORPHANS' COURT SALE !-By virtue of an allus order of the Orphans Court of Cambria county, the undersigned, Administrators of the Estate of George Bruce, late of Alleghany township, deceased, will expose to sale, at the late residence of the said deceased, on SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1869. at 2 o'clock p. m., the following Iteal Estate of which the said George Bruce died seized, situate in the township and county aforesaid,

PURPART No. 1-Beginning at a cherry corner of lands of Thomas Parrish and heirs of Francis Gallaher, thence by land of said Thos. Parrish north 11/2 degrees east 118 perches to a hemlock, thence by land of Mich'l McGuire south 871/2 degrees east 114 perches to a post, thence by Purpart No. 2 south 13 degrees west 173 perches to a post, thence by land of Lemon & Bailey north 871/2 degrees west 60 perches to a cherry, thence by land of same south 46 degrees west 25 perches to a ——, thence by land of heirs of Francis Gallaber north 1/2 degree west 70 perches to the place of beginning: containing 103 ACRES and 82 PERCHES, having thereon erected a two-and-a-half story PLANE HOUSE, BANK BARN and other Outbuildings, also a Saw MILL-about 25 Acres of the

land being cleared.

PURPART No. 2—Beginning at a stone pile on the land of Michael McGuire, thence partly by land of Bernard Weis south 42 degrees east 184 perches to a stone pile, thence south 38 degrees west 128 perches to a stone pile, thence by land of Lemon & Bailey south 33 degrees west 40 perches to a stone pile, thence by land of same north 87½ degrees west 131 perches to a post, thence by Purpart No 1 north 13 degrees east 173 perches to a post, thence by land of Michael McGuire north 36 degrees east 120 perches to the place of beginning containing 229 ACRES and 26 PERCHES

about 50 Acres cleared.
PURPART No. 3—Beginning at a stone oile corner of land of Bernard Weis, on line of Purpart No 2, thence north 42 degrees west 84 perches to a stone pile, thence partly by land of Michael McGuire and partly by land of V. Ansman north 36 degrees east 232 perches to a coestrut stump, thence south 68 degrees east 20 perches to a post, thence by land of Jerome Dawson south 45 degrees east 46 perches to a pine, thence by land of same north 64 degrees east 9 perches to a post, thence by same south 97 degrees east 21 perches to a ----, thence partly by land of Samuel Sanker, partly by land of Henry Sanker, and partly by land of Bernard Weis, south 3814 degrees west 248 perches to the place of beginning; containing 128 ACRES and 41 PERCHES, unimproved

TERMS-One-third of the purchase morey to be paid on confirmation of sale, one other third in one year thereafter, with interest, to be cured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchasers, and the other third to remain a lien on the premises, legal interest on the said sum to be paid by the purchasers to Amelia Bruce, widow of the said deceased, annually from the date of confirmation of sales, during her lifetime, and the principal, at her decease, to the heirs and legal representatives of the said Seorge Bruce, or to the parties who may then e entitled to the same.

MICHEAL McGUIRE. CHARLES MCMANAMY. Adm'rs. Allegheny Tp., March 18, 1869. 3t.

RUSTEES' SALE .- Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned, Trustees of the First Congregational Church of Ebensburg. will offer at public outery, on TUESDAY, the bin day of Apail Next, at 2 o'clock p.m., the following described pieces or tracts of land:—That certain LOT on PARTS of LOTS havng a front of 41 feet on Sample street, in the borough of Ebensburg, thence extending back a distance of 80 feet, on which there is erected a BRICK CHURCH EDIFICE. Also, that certain piece of land comprising PARTS OF TWO LOTS, having a front of 6 feet on High street and 39 feet on Sample street, including an alley 6 feet wide extending from High to Sample streets, and the part of lot fronting on simple street 33 feet, thence extending back 105 feet-the said alley and lot, or part of lot, to be sold either together or separately. Terms —casn. A fee simple title given. Sale to be on or near the premises.

JOHN WILLIAMS, | ISAAC EVANS. JNO. E. ROBERTS. DAVID J DAVIS, THOS. M. JONES, | R. R. DAVIS, NEWTON I. ROBERTS.

Ebensburg, March 18, 1869.-3t. CHERIFF'S SALE .- By virtue of sun-O dry writs of Vend. Expon. and Al. Fi. Fa issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House n Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1869, at I o'clock p m., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of George Gurley of, in and to a lot of ground situated in west ward, Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, fronting 28 feet on High street and extending back 264 feet to Lloyd street, adjoining lot of John Fenlon, Esq., on the east and an alley on the west, having thereon erected a two stery frame house, a wareroom and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of George Gurley. Also, all the right, title and interest of George Gurley of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, adjoining lands of the estate of E. Shoemaker, dec'd, David Powell, and others, containing two and one half acres, more or less, all cleared-now in the occupancy of George Gurley. Taken in execution and to be

sold at the suit of F. P. Tierney et. al. JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 18, 1869

A SSIGNEE APPOINTED.—In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania .- In the matter of Augustine D. Criste, Bankrupt: The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of Augustina D. Criste, of Munster, in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, within said District, who was the District Court of said District. Dated at Hollidaysburg, this 15th day of

MARTIN L. LONGENECKER, Assignee.

A SSIGNEE APPOINTED. —In the Distro't Court of the United States for the Western Dstrict of Pennsylvania .- In the matter of John M. King, of Johnstown, in the county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania within said District, who was adjudged a Bankrupt upon his petition by the District Court of

said District Dated at Hollidaysburg, this 15th day of March, A. D. 1869. MARTIN L. LONGENECKER.

March 18, 1869.-3t. DEC'D. Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Dennis Magee, late of Carroll town

town, his eyes looking eagerly forward over the vast stretches of snow as if he

The Poet's Department.

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

There were seven fishers with nets in their

And they walked and talked by the sea-side

The words they spake, though they spake

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall

Across the long, dim centuries flow,

Seven sad men in the days of old,

And one was gentle, and one was bold,

And we know them, one and all-

Aye! know them and love them all.

And they walked with downward eyes

The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,

And they all were sad, for the Lord was

gone, And they knew not if he would rise-

The live-long night, till the moon went out,

Beat slow through the fogs their way ;

And now 'twas the break of the day-

And they cast, and were dragging hard

Cried straight way out, for his heart was

And the sails drooped down with ringing

In the drowning waters they beat about;

Knew not if the dead would rise.

And no man drew but an empty net,

'Cast your nets on the other side"-

But that disciple whom Jesus loved

Our Master, and our Lord ?"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat.

Ave! first of them all was be:

He feared no longer his heart to cast

Like an anchor into the sea-

Down deep in the hungry sea.

They saw a fire of coals in the sand,

'Tis long, and long, and long ago

O'er the hills of Galilee;

Since the rosy lights began to flow

The seven fishers saw on the sands

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls

Is kindled just by that fire of coals

Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,

To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"

Went over the net and out of the boat.

Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

Tales, Shetches, Incedotes, &c.

A NIGHT IN A STORM.

It was a private parlor of a hotel in

the Provinces. Two men sat at a well

spread breakfast table. The younger had

just pushed back from the table with an

eat, I cannot drink. If I believed in

ing of something disagreeable, if not hor-

"Well, then, my dear nephew," said

the elder, "as you do not believe in such

things, why not make yourself comforta-

ble and enjoy your breakfast? You are

not to start until to-morrow, any way,

The young man arose from his seat and

walked to the window, throwing it open

sunshine. The air was intensely cold,

and reddened his cheeks instantly. He

you accompany me to the station? The

The uncle shivered and drew his dress-

"No," he said, "I'll not leave the

house unless I'm obliged to. I did not

leave England to get frozen by a Canadi-

you for coming a day sooner. Women

don't like a bridegroom around when the

wedding preparations are going on, no

matter how much in love they are. Take

Robert Russell, the young man ad-

dressed, listened with bare civility to his

companion's words. What was such ad-

land three weeks before, to claim the wo-

accompanied him, and now sat smiling at

"There's a storm in the air in spite of

"Probably not; but you might as well

"Well, I shall take Alice back to Eng-

land as soon as possible," Russell said,

with his hand on the door. "Good-bye,

the impatience, the whims of youth.

drew in his head, saying-

train starts in an hour."

appointed for you to start."

lieved with utter devotion.

expect it in this climate."

uncle, then good-bye."

ney."

ng gown closer.

"No," he said, abruptly, "I cannot

impatient movement.

you know."

And with eager eyes and lifted hands

The fire of coals by the sea-

On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

That streamed o'er the mists of the sea

And, with arms of love so wide

Went over the nets and out of the boat-

And the others, through the mists so dim,

Dragging their net through the tide

"It is our risen Lord-

Repenting sore the denial past,

In a little ship came after him,

Jesus, the crucified !

The great glad break of the day.

'Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)-

sands;

by rail, when from the west, where it had lingered throughout the sunny morning, rose, the filmy white veil that is the her-

heads, saying-"This will be a hard one. It's just a | ble suffering returned. year ago since the horrible storm that blockaded in this train."

Russell, looking, felt his face grow pallid in spite of his hopes, his youthful en- despair.

He did not fear the storm while on the cars; he knew they would get to their destination before the storm would be sufficiently advanced to retard them much. But he remembered the twenty miles he must go in a cutter after the last station, for Alice waited him at the residence of a relative beyond Montreal. Her aunt had persuaded her to have the wedding there, where wealth could give its glow to the ceremony, and what girl could resist such an invitation.

"If she were only in Montreal!" murmured Russell, and the first few flakes began to drift slowly downward.

Soon the air was filled with fine sharp particles. It grew colder instead of warmer, or apparently so, for the wind rose and whirled the snow fiercely.

It had snowed two hours when Russell alighted at the station in Montreal. It was mitigated by a full moon.

He was half benumbed by cold and sitting so long, but he could not wait .-Reason told him that he was a day early, and might easily stay in the city until tomorrow; but some feverish, morbid haste urged him on-it was impossible for him to rest quiet a moment.

fire in the waiting room. Then he de- turned his horses' heads that way, and And when they had gotten close to the land cided to go to the house occupied by plunged through the snow to the door .-Alice's parents.

dismay that Alice had left two or three little window broken out. But it was hours previous. Oppressed with fearful better than the fury without, and in anforebodings he burried on, taking the road other five minutes Alice was sheltered which his servant supposed her driver had from the wind. With painful but patient selected. As he emerged into the open fumbling he succeeded in fastening the country the runners of the cutter sank | buffalo skin in front of the doorway, thus deep into the snow. The horses strug- forming an insufficient barrier. Then he gled desperately through the drifts, while drew from his pocket his cigar case and the blinding storm and benumbing cold his matches, and lighting one of the latter, almost overpowered him. To arouse him- looked eagerly round the room, in the self from the lethergy which he felt was the flickering light. That glance told him precursor of death, he stepped out of the that there was an immense fireplace at sleigh and plodded on beside it. For one side of the hut, and divine light hours it seemed to him, he traveled, al. streamed into his soul, at the sight. ternately walking and riding, the animals he drove being almost exhausted.

alarm, his horses stopped and threw up post had nearly upset the light cutter. their heads, their eyes starting in their sockets at something indistinct in the gloom ahead.

alarm of an animal, and Russell felt his cheeks pale as he moved slowly forward, leaving the horses standing there.

A shudder like the first chill of an impending doom, shook the young man as presentments I should say I felt a warnhe came upon a cutter overturned in the snow. He was close to it before he could make out what it was. There were no horses attached-that he saw at a glance -but the tugs cut short off, were fastened there. The snow had blown away from one side of the sleigh while the other side was deeply imbedded. He leaped buffalo robes away; a fear came upon and looking out into the frosty brilliant

him such as he had never known before. At last, it seemed to him so long, though it was hardly a moment-in that snowy moonshine he saw the palid face "I shall start this morning. There's of a woman lying motionless among her

going to be a storm, and I must go. Will furs. With a suppressed cry he lifted that beautiful form to his shoulder, and sat down on the cutter, bending his lips to the cold ones that could not respond to his caress. And yet she was not dead-a faint breath just sighed across his cheek. Was it thus he had thought to greet

his promised wife? He could not think an winter. I did not know you were so sentimentally foolish. Alice will not thank -he knew nothing but that he had found Alice-and his whole being rose to the resolve that he would save her-that neither snow nor ice nor cold should take her from him. She was his, and he my advice, and stay here until the time claimed her despite everything.

But he could not linger there; he must be moving on, though ever so slowly .-He bore his burden to his own cutter; taking with him the furs that could not save her after that fearful sleep had bevice in comparison with the urgent cries of his whole nature? . He had left Enggun. His horses walked on again-they needed no guiding-they could find their

way better than man could direct. man of his choice, who had been a year in Montreal, whither she had emigrated Anything but intense love would have with her parents, carrying with her the despaired in that tempest of snow, with love and promise of one in whom she bethat pitiless wind freezing across the earth raising its glow on the blue white face Russell's uncle and adopted father had

He roughly chafed with snow her hands and face; but he soon saw that severer measures must be tried; that the lethargy this sunlight," Russell said, still standing was too deep. She dimly felt the fierce by the window. "I should not enjoy friction, for she mounted and seemed to ESTATE OF DENNIS MAGEE, being blockaded in by snow on my jour- shrink from it-a wordless request to be left alone.

Russell had forgotten the cold for himself the snow swept by him unheeded. Again he lifted ber in his arms and stepped out into the snow, letting her stand beside him, then trying to make her fight her way on, knowing that if she could Russell was soon speeding from the once be roused she was saved.

At first she fell down helplessly, sank inanimately with no wish to stir. But would outstrip even the steam which bore | in a moment his ceaseless efforts had some effect, and he could compel her to use her He was not half through his journey muscles slightly, though her head droop-

ed in an unknowing stupor. Russel felt that he had never suffered before. He thought the pain and sorald of snow. Weatherwise people looked rows of all his life were crowded into out of the car windows and shook their that one night. By slow degrees, almost hopelessly slow, conciousness and horri-

His face was pale and sick. as he knew the agonies she endured. But pain was the signal of life, and not now would be

At last she looked at him with recog-

nizing eyes, and when everything else had failed, love reached the fountain of crimson, and sent a wave of its red to her Week, suffering, she reclined upon his

arm, unable to move or to speak. Could he keep the life he had saved, through a much longer journey?

When he left the city there were a few houses scattered by the roadside for two or three families. The dim glimmer of their lights he had seen; but since then he had noticed nothing-it was a waste through which he was riding, with no lamp of hope held out to him .-And the delicate girl, but half resuscitated, he thought-oh, how many miles before safety ?

An half hour passed, and through Russell's brave soul had already darted the first doubt. Human endurance could was already dark, save that the gloom net last forever, and it was more than he could do to preserve the feeble life he had recalled. In another half hour ice and cold might conquer him. He would die with her; he could not live when that dear face was beneath the sod.

A quarter of a mile further on, and he saw through the storm a dark object by the road side. It was a building of some He stood a few moments by the bright | kind. and it could shelter them. He Arrived at the house he learned with log hut, with its door gone, and its one

As his horses had dragged the cutter to the house, the runner had grated over Suddenly, with a snort of surprise or the top rail of a fence, and the unseen

The white-fingered fair-faced Englishman worked with a power that was more like fury, and when at last a ruddy blaze There is something infecting in the flew up the broad chimney, tears of joy actually started from his eyes Exhausted, happy, he knelt at the feet

of Alice, and hid his face in her hands. With that reviving warmth came a little of strength to her weary soul. She leaned forward, a smile upon her lips, and in her eyes, and murmured-

"It was heaven itself who sent you here, Robert." Two hours later, a gray dawn was struggling through the clouds; a broad strip of blue encircled the west; the wind moaned in lower tones. The old

upon the runner, and hurriedly pulled the hut was golden with the wood fire-it threw its radiance over the two horses that had been led in, and stood wild and grateful in a corner, their eyes starting at Renovated, though weak, with a happiness beyond words, warm in heart, Alice Malcolm greeted her wedding day. She had told her story to Robert-the story of her desertion in the snow. As

the storm had come on more furiously. her driver, whom she believed trustworthy, announced his intention of returning. She had discovered that he was in a semi-intoxicated state, but she refused to return, and he would not go a step farther, and had cut the traces and mounting one of the horses left her to her

She did not know when she spoke, that a mile back, within a few miles of the city, he lay frozen to death, the eddying snow drifting over his body. He had found a fate, which his mistress had

Backward, through a vista of happy years, looked Russell and his wife to that night of horror in Canada, when peril revealed to them the full depth of their devotion-the infinitude of their love.

"ARTEMUS WARD" remarked that

There is something indescribably beautiful in the true wife's devotion to her husband. There is something very awful in her grief when death takes him away. 'Leaves have their time to full,' but death comes irregular and relentlessly. We recently heard a most touching instance of the resignation of an affectionate woman was to officiate as pall-bearers: 'You all your born days." pall-bearers just go to the buttery and get some rum, and we'll start this man right with neighbors. along!""

NO BEAUX ANYWHERE.

No beaux! Absolutely no beaux! Well young ladies, stop and consider, if, after all, you yourself have not pronounced the sentence of banishment.

"We? We banish them? Good gracious! Is it not for them we have devised all this elaboration of adornment? We, indeed! Were we not for weeks, before we came to these odious mountains, where men are as scarce as French half dressers, closeted with our dress-makers and milliners to produce these bewitching 'suits,' long and short, for morning and evening, out-door and in-door wear? Have we not cool dresses and warm dresses; dresses for rain, dresses for sunshine, dresses for neutral weather, with ribbons, gloves, sashes, parasols, hats and fans to 'match.' to the minuest shade? For whom should we take all that trouble but for the beaux? And how are we responsible for their disgusting absence?"

Listen, my dears, for in that which you have just said lies your offence. Can damsels thus arrayed walk in the woods, climb the mountains (except in poetry?) Can they take even an ordinary, mild walk, without mortal terror of periling their millinery? Must they not, therefore, "ride," morning, afternoon and evening, everywhere, to the delectation of the stable keepers, and the consequent pecuniary depletion of the "beaux !"-These beaux, whose fathers may be rich, but whose sons have yet to fill their individual coffers; these beaux, who have just so much to expend when they get away from a summer holiday, and who do not desire to pour it all into the pockets of the stable-keepers; these beaux, who can get vastly more fun out of their purses, and make them last longer, with a party of "the fellows" -this is the reason that, with rare exceptions, you have to throw away these ravishing toilettes on your own sex, when you play croquet, or sit on the piazza, dreaming of the "coming

man." My dears, he won't come! He knows too much. He has seen his sister's millinery and mantua-maker bills, and heard the family discussion thereon; and though he acknowledges your fascinations even through all the absurd toggery you are doomed by fashion's slavery to have and to wear, he has yet to make the fortune to enable him to foot his angel's bills. So he runs away from you, discreetly; runs off fishing, or gunning with the "fellows," and, wiser than you, comes home brown, hale and hearty for the winter months, instead of perspiring at your side in tight boots and yellow kids.

Do you begin to understand? Now, my dear, if you have been ushared into the world in coach and six, till your feet and hands have become paralyzed for want of use, that is your misfortune, and your fault. Because that necessitates a rich husband. And as there are very few rich young husbands, you will have to bid good bye to your girlish ideal, and marry the bold-headed, gouty Mr. Smith, who was born at the same time as your own father. This, my dears, you will have to do, or face your nightmare, single bless-

I have looked at you playing croquet, without a coat-tail among you; I have seen you driving yourself out in your pretty little phaetons; and thought you put a brave face on it. I knew very well what s going on under that gay little sash of yours; and I think it is a pity that you should have been brought up to many artificial wants, that your heart must go hungry in life's spring-time because of

My dear I never lacked beaux at your age. But a walk in the woods, or in the city either, involved no expense to my beaux. I could climb a tence, where there was no gate, or where there was either; I was not afraid of dew or rain because my dress was simple. My gifts were not diamonds, but flowers, or books. My mother would not have allowed me to ride with gentlemen, had they asked -When they came to spend the evening our tray of refreshments did not involve a 'French cook."

So you see my dear, though I had no silk dresses, I had plenty of beaux, and a gay heart; and I enjoyed a sail with an old sun-bonnet over my curls, or a moonlight ramble with a merry party, much better than you do "the German;" and half an hour was sufficient warning for me to "dress" for any kind of partyin doors or out-because, unlike you, I was not bothered to choose from twenty dresses which to wear; and I will give you leave to ask of my beaux, who are now grandfathers if I was not able at that time to settle their accounts! And it is because I had such a good time that I feel vexed that your youth and prettiness should so often go a-begging-through no fault of yours; and you may show this to your mothers, and tell them I say so.

CLIMAX -"My son," said an affectionate father at the foot of the stairs "arise and see the newly-risen luminary of day, and hear the sweet birds singing at the funeral of her husband. Though their matin song of praise to their great she adored him, she did not repine at his Creator; come, while the dew is on the dark hour. Looking at the remains of grass, and tender lambs are bleating on her loved and lost husband for the last the bill-side; come, I say, or I'll be up time, she put on her bonnet, and thus there with a switch, and give you the spoke to the gentlemen whose sad duty it soundest thrashing that ever you had in

Good fences pay better than lawsuits

The following story is old, but a precious good one. We laughed heartily over it a "long time ago," and presuming many of our readers never heard it, we serve it up for their edification :

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he as well as his horse were almost exhausted with travelling. After much solicitation the landlord consented to his stopping provided he'd sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber. who was reported to have been murdered in that room some nights before. "Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts," After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted? The landlord replied, that shortly after they retired to rest an unknown voice was heard in a trembling and protracted accent saying."
Do you w-a-nt to be sha-a-ved." "Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me ?"

He then requested to be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories he carefully searched every corner of the room but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then laid down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and a few minutes he imagined he heart a voice saying, "Do you w-a-n-t to be sha-v-e-d?' He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, could discover nothing. He again to compose himself to sleep than the question was again repeated. He again rose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent-after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that if it was from without, be opened the window, when the question was repeated in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under the window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation, "Do you want to be sh-a-ved."

Having satisfied himself that his ghost was nothing more or less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed and attempted to sleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter and occasional volleys of oaths and curses from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking be could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from his bed and wrapped it around him, and taking the wash basin in his hand and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, stalked in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you wan-n-t to be s-h-a-v-e-d?" Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it; some jumping through the windows and others tumbling head over heels down stairs,-Our ghost, taking the advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his own

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well, to which he replied in the affirmative. "Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost instead of going into his own room, made a mistake and came in ours, frightened us out of the room and took away every dollar of our money." The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast and departed many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

DURING the rebellion the staff of Gen. Wise were riding through a rather a forlorn part of North Carolina, and a young Virginian of the staff concluded to have a little fun at the expense of a long-legged specimen of the genus homo, who wore a very shabby gray uniform and bestrode a worm fence at the roadside. Reining in his horse he accosted him with, "How are you, North Carolina?" How are you, Virginia ?" was the ready response. The staff continued : "The blockade on the turpentine makes you rather hard up. don't it? No sale for tar now, is there ?" "Well-yes," was the slow response.-"We sell all our tar to Jeff. Davis now." The thunder you do! What on earth does the President want with your tar !" North Carolina answered: "He puts it on the heels of Virginians to make them stick on the battle-field!"

"Wny do women spend so much time and money on dress ?" asked a gentleman of a belle.

"To worry other women," was the diabolical reply.